

# NEWS OF HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Lord Curzon, the Monckmeyer and Regardless Go to Walton Stock Farm.

## RARE BRED LOT THEY ARE

Death of "Pittsburg Phil"—Serpentine—Virginia Thoroughbreds Win in California.

In Lord Curzon, Monckmeyer and Regardless, Samuel Walton, banker, financier, big railroad contractor, breeder and owner of Walton Farm, Falls Mills, Va., secured a trio of richly-bred trotters at the late Fasig-Tipton sale, New York. All three were bred at Village Farm, East Aurora, New York, and represent the different strains of blood that brought fame and fortune to that widely known establishment, all of whose trotters were sold at this affair.

Lord Curzon is a yearling, while The Monckmeyer is two years old, and it is Mr. Walton's intention to have them developed, and then to use them as stallions. Regardless is six years old and now in foal to the great money-winning pacer, Direct Hal, 2:04 1-4, but later on the black mare will likely be started in

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No taste. No odor. Any woman can give it to a glass of water, tea, coffee or food without the least knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the disease and appetite for all alcoholic drinks. Whether the patient is a confirmed alcoholic, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard, it is the only remedy for any one to have an appetite for food, to normal health, steady nerves, increasing the will power and determination to resist temptation. Write Dr. W. R. Brown, 211 Tremont St., Boston, for trial package and letter of advice free in plain, sealed envelope. All letters are confidential and answered soon as received.

Sold and recommended by special agents, BLANKS, The Prescription Druggist, Inc., 211 East Broad Street, corner Beverly and Randolph Streets, Twenty-fifth and Vanale Streets, Twenty-eighth and N. Streets, corner Kings and Albemarle Streets, Richmond.

devoted to breeding and rearing trotters, looks the picture of rugged health, and extensive business interests apparently rest lightly upon his shoulders. Red Leo, 2:26, the stout son of Red Wilkes and Dictator Girl, yet rules as premier at the farm, and his get are training on and racing to standard records, and that with no outside assistance. Mr. Walton has faith in the power of the bay stallion to sire speed, and from now on more attention will be paid to developing the farm horses than for years past. Of his get Marie Z, 2:17 1-4, trotted to her record



MR. SAMUEL WALTON, Founder and Owner of Walton Stock Farm, Falls Mills, Va.

a few races and given a record. The purchase of these three animals forms an important addition, not only to Walton Farm stud, but to the breeding interests of Virginia as well. Lord Curzon cost \$200. The Monckmeyer \$250 and Regardless an even \$500, and at these prices it would seem that they are not dear by any means. The trio carry the blood of Mambrino King and Chimes, "Sires of the Triple Crown," both being represented by three 2:10 trotters each, and in addition it may be said that rare form and finish predominate in the families.

Lord Curzon is a bay colt, foaled August 12, 1904, and sired by Chimes, 5:43, the greatest son of Elector. Princess Alma, Lord Curzon's dam, is a full sister to Lady of the Manor, 2:04 1-4, pacer, by Mambrino King, second dam Princess Chimes, by Chimes, third dam the great brood mare Annabel, by George Wilkes; fourth dam the famous Jessie Pepper, by Mambrino Chief. Lord Curzon is entered in the Western Horseman Futurity, \$3,000.

The Monckmeyer is a black colt, foaled April 23, 1903. He is the son of The Victory, 3:26, dam Eva Chimes, by Chimes; second dam Yours Truly, dam of True Chimes, 3:19 1-4, and Truthful Chimes, 2:14 3-4, by Mambrino King, and is entered in stakes aggregating over \$27,000, among them the American Horse Breeder, Kentucky Stock Farm and Horse Review.

Regardless is a black mare, foaled 1899, by Dare Devil, 2:40, dam Regent's Last, dam of the Aristocrat, 2:12, by Prince Regent, 2:16 1-4; second dam Grandmother, 2:30 3-4, a great brood mare, by Hamilton's Almont, Jr., 2:26. Dare Devil, one of the handiest horses in America, was sold by the Messrs. Hamilton to Thomas W. Lawson, author of "Frenzied Finance," for \$50,000. Regardless trotted an eighth in fifteen seconds, and was then put to breeding.

Until the recent Fasig-Tipton sale, which came off at Madison Square Garden during the week of January 20-21, February 26, I had not seen Mr. Samuel Walton for some years, but the founder of Walton Farm, the largest and by odds the widest in area of Virginia establishments

## Laxo

A Liquid Vegetable Compound that takes the Place of Calomel

Contains no opiates, no mercury, no dangerous drugs or minerals of any kind. Acts promptly and easily.

Manufactured by **The Laxo Co., Durham, N. C.**  
Sold by All Good Druggists.

35c.

# Whims of the Idler

## THE PROBLEM OF A "COUNTRY HAM."

Despite the long, intervening stretch of dreary meadows, low-grounds and roadways, molten to-day with sun-brewed alish, or congealed to-morrow with rigid lee, there is still one link in memory's chain that binds us to our rural cousins and makes us dream of sunnier days to come.

This link was once instinct with life and wandered joyously through pastures green or woodlands brown, to seek the sweet asylums offered by rustic environs.

In short, our present memento of bucolic friendship was erst a hog; and is to-day a country ham, or rather what knives and forks have left of it.

Even as these appreciations are not appreciated—limes are being peeled, the dismantled treasure wallows, a symphony in russet and pink, within our largest blue dish, and triumphantly sees itself diminish and perish a culinary martyr.

There are hogs and hogs (both human and porcine) and there are hams and hams (both Smithfieldian and occidental), but after all, the meat takes on its richest, sweetest, most wholesome flavor when it is merely known as "country ham." Put that dear old adjective "country" before your produce, and its gastric fuel for wintry days—and be the article butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, sausage or—blessed creation—ham, the food forthwith takes on an ambrosial flavor and somehow grows irresistibly tempting.

The dinner hog that came our way—or more specifically, the portion of the late hog that reached us—arrived by express, and, like our country cousins sometimes do, "dropped in" quite unexpectedly. Welcome? Why a thousand times welcome! I could have hugged it to my bosom, had my semi-annual clean shirt not at that time been in the zenith of its whiteness.

Tenderly we essayed to lift the ponderous visitor; joyously we realized that it defied the united strength of cook and house girl. Had the quipped origin of which this ham was only a moiety of the rear end, been made of cut glass, Sevres porcelain or Wedgwood china, we couldn't have handled the meat more gingerly, more reverentially, or more devoutly. We vain would have dipped our napkins in its sacred grease, but any grease exuded from the paper wrappings, and as things were, we even hated for our interested next door neighbor to get any of the savory smell.

"I have met that hog personally," rapturously exclaimed the nominal head of the house to the Commander-in-Chief, who, with arms akimbo, smilingly surveyed the obese visitor and gave orders as to its reception. "Alas, poor roofer! I knew him, chum! a porker of infinite fat, of most subtle aroma; through the wormwood fences he had shown me his back a thousand times, and now, how eagerly in my imagination I chew him! My mouth waters at him. Here he hangs those jaws that I have kissed—no, here hangs those jaws that I have admired, I know not how oft. Where be your grunts now? Your rooings? Your squeals? Your attacks on the swill-tub, that were wont to set the sty in a roar? Not one now to greedily gobble up your portion? Quite chop-fallen? No, fallen you to my lady's pantry and tell her, let you boll three hours; to this favor she must come; make her busy with that Frythee, woman, dost taste the critter?"

"A little more practical assistance on your part and less spewing of Shakespeare," quoth the methodical Queen Bee, "would tend materially towards aiding me. It is one thing to eat a ham—an accomplishment, I confess, which I owe your proficiency—and another thing to cook it. I don't expect to have to send the Pinkertons after you when the meat is served (she always says 'served' when food is set on a table), but I would fling swearing to the door were you to lift a finger in actually helping me."

And right here I could see that things were busy in the good woman's dome of thought—that something puzzling was whirling around in her conscious. She gnawed her cooking book like herolines chew their point lace handkerchiefs in novels, and out her eyes around in a most restless, uneasy way.

"Not satisfied, after all," I queried. "So much human nature in you, you can't keep the still small voice from saying 'whole hog or none'! Let's wire for the rest of the pig, including the chitterlings (which informally we pronounce 'chillins')."

"Not a bit of it," indignantly retorted the household buzz. "It was dear of 'em to send it—just dear. But plague take if I know how to cook the pesty thing."

"On the stove," I sagely suggested. "Don't let's have a real barbeque in behalf of the Prohibition League!"

And thereupon the Queen Bee indignantly told me that the rear moiety of hog would have to be bled for hours and then baked and seasoned with a degree of care and skill that would put the culinary cunning of missionary-eating cannibals to the blush.

"The thing gives me the high bilium flaps," added the Queen Bee reflectively. "It's not how to cook the ham, but what to cook it in. It isn't like giving hams, you know, or preparing an egg omelette."

Never having made a specialty of cooking hams, I was utterly unable to relieve the pressure, which, owing to the enticement of the most beautiful ham I have ever great by now. The nominal head of the household could not so much as induce the good woman to hearken casually to his suggestions.

Once our hearty hostess thought she had solved the problem. "The fifty-pound ham can serve my purpose," she joyfully exclaimed. "But it didn't work. It wasn't large enough."

Then the immense dish pan was considered as a medium by which the ambrosial meat might be given a steaming swim. To the horror of the cook, the cross-eyed house girl and the Commander-in-Chief, this scheme also proved impracticable.

"It's too much for me," sighed the party who uses this writer as her life's meal ticket. I give it up. Guess we'll have to enjoy the ham as a parlor ornament.

on my face now. I'll boll it in the baby's bath tub!"

"What?" I yelled. "Do you really mean it? Do you take me for a Fiji Islander?"

"O, fudge," retorted the empress of cooks. "Don't put on airs. If you don't like it, don't eat the ham after it's cooked."

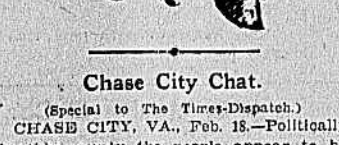
This put the matter in a different light, and finally the nominal head of the household meekly said:

"Well, at least, if you intend boiling the ham in the baby's bath tub, let me implore you to boll the bath tub first."

And so the gravest of domestic problems was solved by feminine ingenuity, and the juicy treasure the next day had for a social swim in the sarcophagus-like receptacle.

In due time it perfumed the house with its redolence and made us the envy of all the envious for weeks around. By the time the ham had taken on its bread crumb garb and retired inside the stove for a final baking, I had an appetite that not only banked after the meat, but the baby's bath tub, too.

And when at last the delicious chunk of pork emerged from its final fiery chrysalis, we ate and stuffed thereof, as though it were our last meal on earth. "The perfection of food—the very quintessence of bliss, this 'country ham,'" and the nominal head of our happy home ate down but one complaint against it. The stuff makes him dream. And when he dreams, somehow the night-morals always make him fancy he has suddenly been bereft of his clothes, which is embarrassing. Still, when it comes to a case of hog versus nudity, I am for the hog.



Chase City Chat.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) CHASE CITY, Va., Feb. 18.—Politically in this county the people appear to be about equally divided between Swanson and Willard and Martin and Montague. But for Lieutenant-Governor Ellisson would lead all if he would consent to be a candidate. He, above all others, deserves the recognition and honors of Virginia Democracy.

The "First State Bank of Chase City" is getting its building in first-class condition to open for business on the first proximo. This will give us three banks with ample resources and all conducted by experienced and progressive business men.

Announcement is made of the marriage on the second of March of Mr. Spencer Nicholas Walker, a popular and prominent business man of this place, to Miss Lizette Hughes, daughter of the late Mayor John E. Hughes, of Chase City.

## PARRISH BROS' GREAT REMOVAL SALE

### \$20,000 Worth of SHOES

to be sold at a sacrifice in order to start with a fresh stock in our NEW STORE!

- One lot of \$5 Misses' Patent Kid Shoes.....\$4.00
- One lot of \$5 Misses' Patent Kid Shoes.....\$3.50
- One lot of \$4 Misses' Patent Kid Shoes.....\$3.25
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$3.00
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$2.75
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$2.50
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$2.25
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$2.00
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- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$1.25
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$1.00
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$0.75
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$0.50
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$0.25
- One lot of \$3.50 and \$4 Patent Kid Shoes.....\$0.00

## THRIFTY PEOPLE WHO REALIZE

the value of a dollar will simply be dumfounded when they see what phenomenal offerings we have for Monday. Values count and our specials stand absolutely unrivalled. Look!

### Very Low Prices

on Dress Goods and Silks.

We look for an extraordinary response to this advertisement. We will double our business Monday. You can help us, and at the same time enjoy a very large saving.

### Silks.

- 48c Hair line stripes, two-toned effects, novelty fancies; worth 60c.
- 39c Lining Taffeta, a bargain at 48c.
- 39c Shantung, plain and lace stripes; worth 50c.
- 75c Black Taffeta, 36 inches wide, special.
- 98c Black Chiffon Taffeta, 36 inches wide, worth \$1.25.

### Dress Goods.

- 39c Albatross, in full line of colors; Fine Mohair, would be cheap at 50c.
- 48c Batiste Mohairs and Fine Vellors, in all the leading shades; any one worth 60c.
- 42c Fancy Mohairs, that are sold at 60c.
- 75c Mohair, Swellan, a great bargain; worth \$1.

### Flannel Specials.

- 1434c White and Red Flannel, worth 10c.
- 25c Red Flannel, worth 35c.

### A Great And

most unusual sale of Ready-to-Wear Goods—sample lots.

- \$3.98 Walking Skirts, worth \$5.
- \$5.98 Covert Jacket, well tailored, new sleeve; worth \$8.50.
- \$9.98 Silk Suits, worth \$14.

### Special Linen Sale.

Everybody knows February is the best time to buy Linens, but it is seldom prices fall so low as this house will sell Monday.

- 37c Towel Crash, worth 50c.
- 10c Huck Towels, worth 12 1-2c.
- 19c Red Damask, worth 25c.
- 48c Table Damask, bleached and cream; worth 60c.
- 25c Tray Cloths, worth 35c.
- 25c Round Centerpieces, worth 60c.
- 69c Table Damask, 72 inches wide, worth 85c.
- 89c Dinner Napkins, worth \$1.
- 99c Dinner Napkins, worth \$1.50.

### A Few Money Savers.

- 75c Petticoats, worth \$1.
- 10c Children's Drawers, worth 15c.
- 75c White Quilts, worth \$1.
- \$3.75 Lace Curtains, worth \$5.
- 12 1/2c Bed Tickling, worth 15c.
- 19c Sheetling, 2 1-4 yards wide and worth 25c.

### White Goods.

Not so many yards, when you come to think of it, but the values are earliest and newest for the season.

- 6 1/2c White Cambric, worth 8 1-2c.
- 5c Checked Muslin, worth 8 1-2c.
- 9 1/2c Soft Nainsook, worth 12 1-2c.
- 1134c English Long Cloth, worth 15c.
- 934c Figured Madras, worth 12 1-2c.
- 15c Wash Chiffon, 45 inches wide, worth 25c.
- 15c French Lawn, 45 inches wide, worth 25c.
- 15c Persian Lawn, 45 inches wide, worth 25c.
- 12 1/2c Dotted Swiss, small dots; worth 25c.

### New Wash Goods.

for New Gingham that are sold at 12 1-2c.

- 934c New Percales, soft, light weight; worth 15c.
- 10c New Voiles, new patterns, but same quality you pay 12 1-2c.
- 1134c Sheer Organdies, large floral effects; worth 15c.
- 15c New Gaintees, the quality you pay 19c for.
- 19c Brussels Net, with large effects; a wonder.

### Cold Weather Blankets.

- \$1.48 Blanket, 10-4 size.
- \$3.25 Gray Blanket, worth \$5.
- \$4.25 White Blanket, worth \$4.

## E.T. FAULKNER CO.,

THE DAYLIGHT CASH STORE,  
BROAD AND FIRST STREETS.

We Sell for Cash---That's Why So Cheap.

## Groceries Talk.

While they talk we will do the rest, and that is giving the quantity, quality and best attention. This is an unlimited sale.

### Very Best Granulated Sugar, per lb . . . . . 6

### Byrd Island Flour, Finest on the Market, sack, 37

- Baker Chocolate Cake.....12 1/2c
- Regular 30c. Lipton Tea.....12 1/2c
- Genuine Imported Macaroni, regular price 12c, now.....8c
- 10c pkg. Safety Matches at.....4c
- Finest Baldwin Apples, peck.....30c
- Smithfield Bacon, only.....15c

and thousands of other articles at same rates. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

## The August Grocery Co.

611 East Marshall Street, 720 West Cary Street, 114 N. Eighteenth Street, 1731 East Main, Brook Avenue and Clay.

## Something Stylish!

Ladies' \$5.00 Patent, Vici, Lace Shoes. Large eyelets; full extension soles. Now \$2.75

SEYMOUR SYCLE, Seventh and Broad Streets.

## The Business Man

who buys his office stationery supplies anywhere else is making a mistake. When he comes here he will learn that we save him time, annoyance, inconvenience and good hard cash.

Try us and see how true this is.

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## Walshall Printing Company.

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## LARGE PINK AND WHITE CARNATIONS

50 Cents Per Dozen.

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